A

Pandarique Ode

ON THE

Vice-Chancelor's

RETURN TO

OXON.

BEfore the early Sun can raiſe his Head,
Out of his Glorious Eaſtern Bed;
Each *Perſian* ſeems with mournful eyes
To Beg, he would no longer ſtay;
And in Imagination flies,
At leaſt, to Complement him half the way.

No leſs Ambitious for your ſight, were we,
E're ſince your Grateful *Mercury*
Warn'd us that happy Day drew nigh,
That would our long-loſt Joys reſtore,
Joys ev'n ſo Tranſcendent high;
Fates could not give, nor could we covet more.

WHo can compute how much to Heav'n we owe,
For thoſe great Gifts it doth beſtow!
Yet we, alas! ſmall Thanks expreſs,
But ſhould it ſtop that Influence,
Oh! then we Proſtrate would confeſs,
We had our Life, and Growth, and Vigour thence.

Thus

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Thus now, your Abſence taught us one thing more,
Then e're your Preſence could before;
Continu'd B'eſſings made us grow
So Stupid, that we could not tell,
VVhence, how, or wherefore they did flow;
But looſing you, we ſoon perceiv'd it well.

Soon we perceiv'd 'twas you that mov'd this Sphear,
And order'd our VVill-Motions here:
VVhat other *Atlas* ſhould we find,
For ſuch a weighty Office meet?
Could Fortune ſtoop your gen'rous mind,
To ſtoop to Honours lying at your Feet:

But Her weak Stratagems ſucceſsleſs prove,
For nought can your great Spirit move;
Oh ſtrange Præpoſtrous Method! You,
Againſt your ſelf muſt Int'reſt uſe,
T'avoid what others moſt purſue,
And what they Court ſo bravely to refuſe!

VVelcom'd by all, and wiſh'd for, you are come,
As Conqu'ring *Cæſar* enter'd *Rome*:
But we'l a double welcome give,
And our vow'd Garlands gladly pay,
And with deſerv'd *Encomiums*, ſtrive,
To Celebrate the Glory of this Day.

FINIS.

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